DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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FULL-ORBED MANHOOD.

He stands the test where souls are tried
And truest honor finds,
Who conquers, manfully, the pride
That rules in feebler minds:
Who seeks not rest in life's career,
Nor yet beyond the grave:
Whose heaven is duty's noblest sphere,—
Not that which idlers crave.

He covets not the lordling's place,
Nor vainly strives to scan
The Master's mind, but asks for grace
To do the best he can.
His peace not torpor of the soul,
But harmony within,—
Renouncing self to reach the goal
And triumph over sin.

Once on the plow his hand he lays,
His eye ne'er backward turns;
Fortune he seeks in virtue's ways,
Ill bought success he spurns.
Looking his fellow in the face,
He sees God's image there;
Whate'er may help to lift the race,
His hand is quick to share.

Meekly he takes life's daily tasks
As part of Heaven's great plan:
This boon—aught else denied,—he asks,
To be a manly man.
Angels attend on such a one,
And stars their courses move
To light his pathway to the throne
And garnish it with love.

—*Springfield Republican.*

THE SINGING MASTER.

When Mr. Sykes and I entered the school room on Tuesday afternoon we found its occupants ready and waiting for us. My daughters Winnie and Mary were playing a duet in a desultory way, and the governess was correcting an exercise at the table.

At the sound of the opening door she looked up, and her eyes falling on Mr. Sykes's face, an altogether untranslatable expression crossed her own. If she had been the kind of woman who blushes, I think Miss Lorraine would have blushed then. As she was not, her small, pale face grew if anything a shade paler.

"Mr. Sykes—Miss Lorraine," said I, presenting him.

"It is some time since I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Lorraine," said the singing master, in his airy, well-bred manner.

"I beg your pardon," answered the girl frigidly, "I think you must be mistaking me for some one else."

"You mean you have forgotten me?" he rejoined.

"One cannot forget a person one has never seen," said the governess.

"Certainly not," said the singing master, politely. "I am sure you must be right, and I can only beg your pardon for my mistake."

He turned to me where I stood regarding them in some bewilderment.

"The time is getting on," he said. "If your daughters are ready shall we begin the lesson?"

Whereupon I left the room.

* * * * * * *

Now it chances that I have become possessed of some particulars regarding that lesson, though I was not a witness thereof. Therefore, to save myself from any imputation of eavesdropping, I wish to state that I heard all I know from Lord Hillingford, a recently acquired but intimate young friend of mine.

The singing-master conducted the lesson gravely enough, albeit on lines which would have amazed Tosti or Canconi had either of those good gentlemen been present. When it was over he turned to the pupils with his polite little smile.

"Thank you," he said. "I need not detain you any longer, young ladies." Whereat Winnie and Mary promptly took their departure.

The singing master slowly rearranged the scattered music, and, taking up his hat and gloves, was turning toward the door, when the governess suddenly lifted her eyes from the French grammar on the table.

"Why have you followed me here?" she exclaimed.

Mr. Sykes stood still half way between the piano and the door.

"I beg you pardon," he said suavely, "I think you must be mistaking me for somebody else."

The girl's gray eyes flashed.

"Yes," she said, "I think I once mistook you for a gentleman."

"Oh," said Mr. Sykes, "I see! You think, then, that I have lowered myself by the profession I have adopted?" And he smiled.

His smiled seemed to madden my wife's beautiful governess.

"How dare you come here pretending to be a singing master?" she said.

There were tears in the gray eyes, but the young man hardened his heart.

"I have just as much right to be a singing master as you have to be a governess," he retorted.

"I must earn my living," said the girl.

"You could earn it easier by marrying me," answered Mr. Sykes. "Your relatives would be pleased, too, and that is always something."

"Yes," said Miss Lorraine passionately, "I know they would be pleased. But I won't marry you for your money."

"I don't want you to marry me for my money," said the singing master. "I want you to marry me for love."

"Love!" repeated Miss Lorraine in a faint voice, that was yet full of scorn.

There was a long silence

Then Mr. Sykes laid his hat and gloves down on the table and came to her side.

"Look here, Dorothy," he said. "You couldn't marry me for my money now if you wanted to, for I've not got it. I've lost pretty well everything. I have—it doesn't much matter how. I came down here to see whether it was possible that you cared a bit for me after all. I've enough to keep myself and you. Of course I was a fool; I might have known that if you wouldn't have me with the cash I couldn't expect you to take me without. Good-by"—

He turned toward the door again, but Miss Lorraine called him back.

"Stop," she said. "I"—

She rose to her feet and stood there looking at him, with trembling lips.

"I didn't want the money," she said. "But I—I do—want you."

* * * * * * * *

I was surprised when the singing master called to see me the next morning.

"I've come," he said, "because I owe you an apology, Mr. North. I'm a fraud. I've merely been using you as a convenience."

"Indeed!" said I. "You do me too much honor. May I inquire further particulars?"

"Yes," said he, and he bowed to me and handed me his card.

"Lord Hillingford!" I exclaimed, and I regret to say that I expressed my astonishment by the utterance of a word which would have shocked my wife. "Then why on earth"—

"The fact is" said the quondam singing master naively, "I merely came here to see your governess."

"Oh!" said I, "is she a fraud, too?"

"She's an angel!" answered the young man hotly.

"Your Lordship doubtless came here to tell her so?" I suggested.

Lord Hillingford smiled.

"More or less" he replied.

There was a pause.

"I'm afraid" said I, "I have not yet quite grasped the situtation. May I remind you that you promised just now to enlighten me?"

"Yes," said he, with what sounded rather like an effort, "I suppose I owe you that."

He paused again, and for the first and last time I saw a shade of embarrassment cross his handsome face.

"The fact is," he began. "Miss Lorraine's name is not Lorraine at all; it's Dorothy Villiers."

"Ah!" I put in *sotto voce*, I "then she is a fraud."

But he interrupted me angrily.

"You've no right to call her a fraud," he said. "She's treated you as squarely as any one could or should. It's only me that she tried to cheat. She came here to avoid me."

"Yes?" I said, and looked at him questioningly. I was growing interested. "You may know her father by name," he went on reluctantly. "He's a thoroughpaced old scoundrel—drinks, and bets, and gets into no end of difficulties. I've helped him out of them sometimes, because I'm confoundedly well off, you know, and because—well, because I'm in love with Dorothy. She only found out that I'd been paying his bills about two months ago. There was an awful scene. She said her father should think of her self-respect if he had none of his own, and she said I had deceived her, and she would never forgive me. Old Villiers was drunk. He raved at her, and told her she could marry me, and so be beholden to nobody. Of course she refused; she's as proud as Lucifer. She said she wouldn't marry any man for his money—she would rather work for her living. I told her I'd never leave her alone until she gave in, but she would listen to nothing. The next day, when I went to see her, she had gone away and left no address. Old Villiers told me she had said to him that she was going away to work, and that in future he was to let no one pay his bills but her. He knew no more what had become of her than I did."

"Yes," I said, "and then?"

"Well, I found her out, as you see, and I kept myself informed of what went on here. When I knew for certain that Mrs. North was going away I came down here and played off my fraud on you. I think, on the whole," said His Lordship, complacently, "I did that part of the business rather well."

I agreed that he had done it uncommonly well.

"As for Dorothy," he said, "I merely told her a bald, thundering lie. "I said I was more or less a pauper, and she believed me, and"—

He laughed in sheer lightness of heart.

* * * * * * *

When he was gone I went to my wife's boudoir.

"Rose," I said, "that young man has turned out a fraud. He's no more a singing master than I am."

She looked intensely surprised for a moment and then said:

"My dear John, didn't I tell you so from the beginning?"

"His name isn't Sykes at all," I went on in a crestfallen voice.

"Of course not," said Rose.

"Then who and what is he?"

"He's Lord Hillingford," said I.

"What!" she exclaimed. "Jack, what do you mean? It isn't true!"

"It's as true as gospel," said I.

Now I verily believe that my dear wife venerates a title beyond all other earthly vanities—myself, of course, excepted. A light of great joy came into her face.

"Oh, Jack!" she exclaimed, "do you think it's possible that he—do you think Winnie"—

"No," said I, decisively. "I'm afraid not, my dear. It's the governess. She's so disgracefully pretty, you know."

"That girl!" exclaimed my wife.

"Will soon be Countess of Hillingford," said I.—*H. M. Sharp, in the Chicago Tribune.*

THE BROKEN SWORD.

Bright and hot and cloudless shone the morning sun upon the Straits of Gibraltar, lighting up the vast, craggy ridges of the African mountains, and the mighty outline of Gibraltar Rock, and the tiny white houses that clustered at its base along the edge of the blue, sparkling sea, and the smooth, wide sweep of Algeciras Bay, and the sunny hills of Andalusia beyond it, crowned with vines and olives to the very summit.

It lighted up, too, the white sails of half a dozen stately ships-of-war in the offing, whence Admiral Sir George Rooke was watching the great fortress that had never been taken since it was built ages ago. The British ships had already lain there for several days without any of an sign attack, and the Spanish soldiers laughed mockingly as they made taunting gestures at their enemies from the unscalable cliffs above.

"What say thou, Diego?" cried one to his comrade. "Will not these English fools lie there till their ships rot before they can take Gibraltar?"

"Let them try it," rejoined the other; "they will find Spanish swords to meet them. This rock hath never felt the foot of an invader since Tarik and his Moors took it a thousand years ago, and there was no fortress here then."

"Boast not so rashly, brothers," said an old soldier, shaking his gray head. "Last night I had a dream."

"Nothing wonderful in that," retorted Diego. "There is never a night when thou hast not one."

"I dreamed," went on the a veteran, without heeding him, "that these Englishmen dropped down among us from the sky like the sea birds that alight upon our cliffs and sweept us before them as the storm sweeps the dust. And that was an evil dream, brothers, for it was on this very day that Tarik the Moor stormed this rock and I have heard it said that if ever another invader shall set foot here upon that day, Spain shall never win back Gibraltar again."

So gloomily impressive were the old man's tone and look that even the reckless soldiers felt awed in spite of themselves, but it was only for a moment.

"Bah!" cried Diego, with a scornful laugh. "When I see the flag of Spain torn down from yonder cliff above us then I will believe that Gibraltar can be taken, and not till then."

But the bold Spainards, brave though they were, might perhaps have been less confident if they could have overheard the talk that was going on at that very moment aboard the English admiral's flagship between Sir George Rooke himself and a sturdy sailor of his crew.

"Then you really think it can be done, my man?"

"I'm sure it can, your honor; it's only just at the first that it's really bad. Jack Davis and I got up 'bout sixty or seventy feet with a hard scramble, and then we came to a sort o' path that looked as if it might ha' been made by goats or monkeys clambering up and down. We could see the track of it all the way up, and if it hadn't been for the chance of some o' them Spanish chaps spyin' us, we'd ha' got right up to the top, or my name ain't Tom Hawkins!"

"We'll try it, then," said Sir George, with a gleam of stern joy in his deep gray eyes; "and if you do the job, my lad, I'll see that you don't go unrewarded."

The silence and deadness of a burning Spanish noonday lay heavy upon earth and sky. Not a monkey frolicked among the rocks, not a bird fluttered overhead. Most of the Spanish soldiers were asleep, and the great yellow standard of Spain on the summit of the cliff drooped lazily on the warm dreamy air as if it were asleep, too.

But what were those dark figures that came crawling snakelike up the terrific precipice which overhung the sea to the eastward on the outer side of the great rock?

Had any one seen them, he would scarcely have believed his own eyes, so impossible did it seem that any mortal man could find footing upon that black frowning cliff, which towered up more than a thousand feet against the clear blue sky.

But onward and upward went Tom Hawkins and his comrades, step by step, forcing their fingers into narrow crannies and planting their feet upon inch-points of rock, knowing all the while that if a single eye were to spy them from above, they were all dead men.

And now they were half-way; and now they were three-fourths up; and now the highest ridge was painly visible only a little way overhead, when suddenly a stone came clattering from above, just missing Tom Hawkin's head.

The daring men clinched their teeth, and for a moment their hearts stood still. Had the Spaniards seen them? No; it was only a loose piece of rock which had suddenly given away and fallen crashing into the dizzy depths below.

A few seconds more and they stood upon the summit of the terrible cliff, while Tom Hawkins himself tore down the banner of Spain amid a thundering shout of "Hurrah for old England!"

"The English! the English!" cried a panic-stricken soldier, roused from his mid-day sleep by the British war-cry.

"My dream is true," muttered old Manuel, as he went down beneath the stroke of an English cutlass.

"Stand to it for Spain my children—we'll beat them yet," shouted the brave Spanish commandant, Don Rodrigo d'Aguilar, rallying the dismayed soldiers and hewing with the strength of a gaint at the advancing enemy.

So gallantly did the Spaniards fight that for a moment the rush of the assailants was completely checked, but just then a terrible uproar behind them, told that the English had entered the next gallery.

Don Rodrigo shouted to his men to follow him, and, without even waiting to see whether they did, flew toward the threatened spot.

As he entered the gallery, he stumbled over a heap of rubbish and fell forward upon his face, his sword flying out of his hand in the fall.

Springing to his feet, he looked around for the trusty weapon, but it had disappeared into a deep cleft.

The next moment he found himself face to face with a powerful English seaman—Tom Hawkins himself—who had a cutlass in his hand and a silver hilted Spanish sword tucked under his left arm.

"Hello, mate!" cried Tom; "lost your sword, eh? Well, see here—I've got two swords, and you've got none; so just catch hold of this here Spanish thing, and then we'll start fair!"

D'Aguilar eyed him for a moment with a somewhat puzzled look, as if half suspecting a joke. Then bowing, as if acknowledging a compliment, he grasped the proffered sword and the fight began.

Don Rodrigo was a splendid swordsman, and the sailor, strong as he was, found that he had met his match. Sparks flew from the whirring blades, and the rock-cut passage echoed with the stamping and shouting of the combatants.

All at once Tom's big cutlass (less perfectly tempered than the Spanish sword) snapped close to the hilt, leaving him defenseless

But before the Spaniard could strike, Hawkins dashed the broken sword-hilt full in his face, and as D'Aguilar staggered beneath the stunning shock, Tom sprang in and clutched him round the body.

Don Rodrigo struggled, but the sailor held him fast, and they rolled on the ground together. D'Aguilar was undermost.

Just then a deafening cheer was heard, and a fresh body of English, sent ashore by Sir George on the other side of the rock the moment he saw the Spanish flag disapear from the highest ridge, came bursting in, overpowered all resistance and made prisoners of the gallant commandant and his few surviving soldiers.

That evening, Sir George Rooke, having thanked and rewarded Tom Hawkins and little band of heroes, invited Don Rodrigo to dine with him aboard the flagship; and dinner was over, he sent the brave Spainard ashore again, a free man, to tell his countrymen that even "English heretics" knew how to show courtesy to a gallant foe.

In February.

February is a short month, but it plays quite an important part in the calendar of the year.

It is the month which determines leap year. Strike out February, and how would the lorn damsels to whom the men do not propose get an opportunity to take matters into their hands and carry the war into the enemy's country?

And the leap-year opportunities come so far apart that a fresh crop of bachelor girls are all ready for business and waiting their chance whenever the time comes around.

Seriously, we wonder if any woman ever did take advantage of the privilege which we say belongs to leap year and propose matrimony to any man? And if so, how did she do it, and how did he respond?

Did she tell him that her life would be wrecked if he did not say yes? And did she swear to him that he was the only man she had ever loved? And did he refer her to his pa? Or did he offer to be a brother to her for the remainder of his mortal existence? If any woman has had any experience in that line, she had better be interviewed. It would make exceedingly entertaining reading for some woman's column.

In February George Washington was born. His Old Style birthday was February 11, and his New Style up-to-date birthday is February 22. And, so far as we are informed, the illustrious cutter of the cherry tree was the only free-born American who enjoyed the distinction of having been born on two separate days, with an interval of ten days between them. And as such a free-born American citizen we congratulate him, and long may his memory linger in the grateful hearts of his fellow countrymen!

Then February is the month in which Candlemas Day comes; the day on which, if we may credit the ancient legend, the ground-hog comes forth from his hole to look for his shadow, in order to calculate his almanac for the remainder of the winter. If he sees his shadow, he goes back to his den with his tail over his back for protection, and delivers a lecture on economy among the commissary stores to Mrs. Ground-hog, for the hardest part of the winter is to come.

But if he casts no shadow, he renounces his home ties, and opens his spring business at the old stand, satisfied that the backbone of winter is broken.

February reckons St. Valentine's Day among its notable festivals—the day consecrated to lovers—and the first man the damsel who walks forth in the morning meets is the man who is to be her own true love forever and aye. Long life to them, and may they be happy ever afterward!

In February the days have lengthened until the increase is noticeable. You do not have to look in the almanac to be aware of it. Everybody you meet will tell you about it as a pleasant fact

The gas bills speak reluctantly of it. It is to be devoutly hoped that the coal bills and the plumber's bills will show some signs of it, but you can never be sure of that sort of thing.

The long evenings. So interminable to the lonely dwellers in back-country neighborhoods, are shortening. The church sociables are hurrying in thicker, so as to get in as many as possible before the weather becomes so mild that oyster stews are not in active request, and the months shall have ceased to be spelled with an "R".

The sun waxes a trifle more genial.

Enterprising merchants put some "spring" ginghams in their window, culled from last year's leftovers. Thrifty matrons with large families buy their summer muslins now, to avoid the rush

Ash Wednesday is come, and the days of Lent sober down the exuberant spirits of the young folks.

A late Easter puts off the delights of Easter hats, and the "horrid old winter bonnets" will have an unusually long reign Let it be hoped that we shall get our money's worth out of them.

In February floods of seed catalogues will be received, and you can while away the evening in looking at the wonders in size and color portrayed on their fascinating pages. And you can buy eight petunia seeds for fifty cents, and ten aster seeds of the Admiral Dewey or Cecil Rhodes strain, for seventy-five cents, and enjoy all the pleasures of anticipation until next fall. And it is more than likely that anticipation alone will recompense you for your expenditure.

In February we often have the deepest snows of the year. Winter piles up her store in the skies, and if January is not snowy then look out for it in February.

The snow shovelers will be jubilant. The electric roads will be tied up. The motormen will stay their hands while they watch the operation of being shoveled through, and and the passengers will growl and cry out for the ringboned and spavined old horses of the past.

Enthusiasts who like snow, or fancy they do, will go into ecstasies over it, and tell each other how healthy the weather is—so much oxygen in the atmosphere, and such a bracing-up effect, generally; and those who detest snow will shrug their shoulders and step gingerly over the dirty drifts, and cough, and console themselves with the thought that the sun runs so high now snow cannot lie long.—*Kate Thorn.*

Kansas had 90 acres of cotton this year which produced 27,650 pounds of cotton, valued at $1,312. One-half of this was raised in Montgomery county.

CULINARY CAPERS.

Add a pinch of salt to coffee to give it tone.

When making bread in cold weather, first warm the bread pan the flour and the kneading board.

A tough piece of meat can be nicely stewed in a double broiler. It will take twice as long, however, as if cooked directly over the fire.

When pan broiling chops, always stand them for a minute on their ends that the fat edge may be cooked crisp and brown instead of remaining pale and unsightly.

If you want cake to be very light, it is best to sift the flour three or four times. Everything should be as light as possible, but too prolonged stirring after the eggs are added may make the cake soggy.

The next time a creamy rice pudding is made, one of the sort that is without eggs and compounded only of rice and milk, with slow cooking, try adding a teacupful of blanched and finely chopped almonds.

Cold lamb or mutton made into a mince or hash with boiled rice and finely chopped green peppers is a dish to remember. The peppers are used raw, getting the little cooking needed for the tiny pieces when they simmer with the meat and rice.

A Good Soldier.

A story is told of a French laborer, named Pierre Barlat, who lived with his wife and family at Sevres, near Paris. Pierre was a hard-working man, and saved his money and bought a little cottage near the bridge at Sevres. It was very pretty, and covered with creepers and Pierre loved it because it was his home. When the war broke out with the Germans, in A. D. 1870, Pierre was called upon to join his battery of artillery. Sevres had fallen into the hands of the Germans as they advanced towards Paris, but the French guns pounded away at them from the fort in Mount Valerien. Pierre was a good shot, and it was his duty to lay his gun. One day General Noel came up and levelled his field glass at the Sevres bridge.

"Gunner," said he to Pierre, "do you see that cottage covered with creepers by the bridge?"

"I see it," said Pierre.

"Try it with a shell, my man; it is a nest of Prussians." Pierre levelled his gun very carefully and fired, and the general watched through his glasses. The general turned to Pierre with a smile. "Well hit, my man, well hit! The cottage could not have been very solid. It is completely smashed now." He was surprised to see a great tear running down Pierre's cheek. "What is the matter, man?" the general asked roughly.

"Pardon me, general," said Pierre, recovering himself. "It was my house—everything I have in the world."

The Juryman was Right.

A funny story is related of a juryman who outwitted a judge, and that without telling an untruth. He came breathlessly into the court.

"Oh, my lord," he said, "if you can excuse me, pray do. I don't know which will die first, my wife or my daughter."

"Dear me, that's sad," said the innocent judge. "Certainly; you are excused."

The next day the juryman was met by a friend, who in a sympathetic voice asked:

"How's your wife?"

"She's all right, thank you."

"And your daughter?"

"She's all right too. Why do you ask?"

"Why, yesterday you said that you did not know which would die first."

"Nor do I. That is a problem that time alone can solve."

Too Dense.

"But," hissed the heavy villain, "suppose our plot should leak out."

His miserable accomplice shivered at the thought.

"But it can't," cried the low comedian, emerging at that moment from behind a stage tree, "because from now on the plot thickens, you know."

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK. JANUARY 23, 1902.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 16Sd Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

AT the Kilmarnock Congress of British deaf mutes, Mr. Frankland reported the results of his investigations on "the oral method in practical life" as follows: "I have a list of seventy-two ex-pupils of London School Board Classes in South London, where the oral teaching is very strict. Of these, about forty are absolute failures, not having acquired a workable vocabulary; two are well educated; the remainder cannot be regarded as successes. Are we to infer that the *failures* come to the Missioners? But why so *many* failures?"

We do somewhat better in this country as a result of oral teaching. Without taking seriously the bombastic claims of the ultra-oralists, there is really a goodly percentage of comparative success. Of course, it would be vain to base a judgment upon Institution annual reports; because they deal entirely with the pupils under instruction and at the time of graduation. The true method of arriving at reliable data, is to investigate results at a period about five years after the pupil has been launched into the cold, matter-of-fact world, to work his way and redeem his early promises by his own efforts. That oral teaching is a vital and important part of the curriculum of our schools is universally admitted, but that it is the elixir of future success, or the panacea for all worldly obstacles, will admit of debate. It would be a great scheme, and one that would receive the encouragements of all Principals, to have a representative of the National Association in each State gather statistics and present them at the meeting in St. Louis in 1903; so that the plain, unvarnished, unprejudiced truth of the results of oral teaching may be known. Let the deaf speak for themselves in this matter; the world will surely listen.

WHETHER it be scarlet rash, scarlatina, or scarlet fever, which holds in the infirmary of the Ohio Institution a number of its pupils, the result is the same. The rigid quarantine, which divorces the teachers from their families and homes, and keeps them imprisoned within the confines of the school property, is a disagreeable fact, and must be borne with patience and equanimity. While sympathizing with the authorities of the school in their troubles and inconveniences, we rejoice that the disease is in such mild form that no fatal termination of any of the cases is anticipated.

IT may not be generally known that Gilbert Parker, the famous author of "The Right of Way," was at one time a teacher in the Institution for the Deaf, at Belleville, Canada.

Our old, friend, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL of New York, has rounded out its thirtieth year of existence and success. When a paper has attained to that age, it may with some degree of pride review its past and with confidence look forward to its future. The JOURNAL has been wholly sane in its advocacy of the interests of the deaf, and has been influential for that reason. It has an efficient organization for the collection of news, and naturally has friends in every place it reaches. It has deserved its success and the felicitations and good wishes we take pleasure in extending at this time.—*The Silent Hoosier.*

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Lecture, Debate, and Dialogue.

KAPPA GAMMA INITIATIONS.

A Foot Bath in the Basin.

From our Washington Correspondent

President Carpenter, '02, presided at the meeting of the Literary Society Friday night. An unusually large attendance was present. Probably the members had about exhausted all excuses, or the president is hard-hearted, for they choose to attend the meeting rather than enrich the treasury by fines for absence. The program prov d interesting.

Professor Day took the audience on a half-hour jaunt through Germany.

A debate on the question, "Resolved that Woman suffrage become universal in the United States." Messrs. Neesam, '04, and Allen, I. C., worked a Gatling gun battery for the Affirmative side. While Messrs. Wivemiller, '04, and Bradham, I. C., replied with heavier artillery and silenced their opponents. The Judges, from their bomb proofs returned a decision in favor of the Negative side. The rattle of small talk and boom of the big guns of repartee was heard when Messrs. Cookley, '05, and Lovelace, I. C., mounted the platform for a ten-minute dialogue, "The Opening Address." Mr. Craig, '05, declaimed, "Flag of the Free," and after Critic Schneider, '02, had doled out his slaps and pats where needed, the meeting adjourned.

With all due mystery and pomp the Kappa Gamma Fraternity initiated the eight probationers to full membership in the organization. The conclave was held in the gymnasium. Those who have successfully passed through the ordeal, and whose antics durirg their probation period we have frequently mentioned in this column, are all members of the Freshman Class, Messrs. Friend, Brown, Meunier, Wheeler, Garrett, Phelps, Erd and Stevens.

Skating on the Basin has drawn many of the students there during the afternoons. For the past week the ice has been in excellent condition. The young ladies of the Senior Class chaperone parties of the co-eds who are fond of the sport.

Miller, '03, although he is said to weigh only 133 pounds, spoiled the skating in one part of the Basin by breaking through the ice and taking a cold foot-bath. The aid of a policeman was necessary to get him to firm earth. Several fat men were seen hovering in that vicinity before Miller appeared, and its, queer such a light weight should meet with the mishap others gifted with girth extraordinary escaped.

The time for services in the chapel on Sunday afternoon, has been changed from 3:30 to 3 o'clock.

Mr. Elbert M. Nowell, of Missouri, returned to College last week, and resumed his studies with the Freshman Class.

Miss Crawford, ex-'03, entertained her "old" classmates and Miss Morse, '05, at a dinner last week.

The young ladies of the Senior Class gave a birthday party to Miss McGregor, last Saturday. Seems to the boys, that somebody gets up a birthday party every week on the co-eds side. Perhaps this is the only way the dear things can get rid of their pin money. Next time one is mentioned we will try to give the menu. The chances are it will consist of confectionery, pickles and lemonade.

Physical culture is all the rage here, and starvation is the only cure for all the ills of the flesh. Physic is flung to the dogs. Followers of the fad wander through the College halls, trying to look cheerful on an empty stomach. When the smell of coffee, corned beef and cabbage, permeates the classic atmosphere of Kendall Green, 'tis then our hungry friends rush to their rooms, lock the doors, and fling the keys out of the windows. Afterwards, they hammer on the panels to be let out, but dinner is over by that time.

Mr. Jay Cooke Howard, '99, was a welcome visitor at the College Monday.

The *Buff and Blue* will be out this week. It will contain a half-tone photograph of the foot ball team, with a sketch of the members.

Hughes '03, is very fond of skating. He has the finest pair of skates in the College, but he sits in his room, all day now, just because a carbuncle sprouted in the heel of one foot. He wishes it was anywhere else but there, especially when the ice is so fine now.

J. H. K.

TROY.

The well-known Hanlons opened a two days' engagement here over a weeks ago. Several enthusastic deaf-mutes of Troy and vicinity witnessed the play. Others who did not, missed a rich treat, indeed. Apropos of the play, the Troy *Press* says the following.

The initial production of the Hanlon Brothers "Superba" was greeted by a large audience at the Griswold opera house last evening. The piece is even better than when presented in this city before, and the performance was much enjoyed. There is not a dull moment from the rise of the curtain to its fall, and the audience was kept in almost continuous laughter by the many tricks and illusions. The scenic effects are the finest that have been witnessed in this city in some time. The specialties introduced by Miss Carrie Behr, Tiller's Eight Diamonds and Newell and Shevett, and the troupe of trained bull dogs, were especially pleasing.

Harrison A. Burt seemed to consider it a joke on himself when I mentioned his name in the recent issue of the JOURNAL as "the innocent object of a surprise party." But he wishes to say, however, that my over-wise informant must have misunderstood him, as he said, plain as the day, that his wife was going to get up a party and spring a genuine surprise on some young woman in the near future Particulars later on.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Collins, of Rome, were in Troy, called hither by the death of Mr. Collins' father, which occurred on the 8th inst.

Johnnie H. Hogan has gone South for his own benefit.

William Hoffman, over eighty years old, and brother of the late Henry Hoffman (deaf-mute), has been adjudged insane.

Captain Pryor, who was drowned in the New York harbor, was the father of the Watervliet deaf-mute, Willie Pryor, now attending school at Rome. The deceased was insured on his life for five hundred dollars.

It is no wonder that in the opinion of a young man remaining at school, Christmas vacation of less than two week's duration was a long one. Perhaps he was waiting with impatience for the return of the object of his admiration to school from home, meanwhile counting and finding time going at a snail's pace.

Little Albert Eustace returned to the Albany School, January 12th.

An impostor with a deformed(?) hand was recently begging from door to door until he, unawares, reached a certain deaf man's house. Here the suddenly discovered presence of the deaf man at the door, addressing him in the sign language, struck him dumb and he fled.

The local press of last week printed an account of a young deaf woman losing several fingers of her right hand as the result of an accident on the St. Louis Transit lines, thus depriving her of her power to speak (on fingers.) Hence an action of suit against the company for several thousand dollars damages.

A hearing man who was locked up for some little offense, apparently heard of mercy shown a deaf prisoner when the latter was recently arraigned before the justice. He thought he would try and keep mum as a clam when he should stand up facing the justice next morning. So he did, and succeeded in this ruse so well that he was let off with a light sentence. "Not so bad as I was afraid I would get," said the prisoner with a significant smile, on the way handcuffed to the jail. But hereafter the justice will deal with any impostor severely if ever brought before him

His friends here received a pleasant call a week ago Sunday, from Philip Johnson, after a long time absence. Philip is at present employed as driver for an Albany firm, and he is quite popular by his genial ways with the customers. In the spring Philip will "lumber" back to the lumber yard, where he has, for some years past, been employed as lifter, counting twenty-four dollars in his pay at the close of each week. He is silent on matrimony.

Joseph Notley, of Schenectady, as stated before in our former letter, went out West. He was expected to stay out there indefinitely, but although he was kindly treated by his uncle, he was getting so awfully lonesome that he returned to the Electric City, like a cat that was taken some miles away in human hands, but came back just the same.

The papers say Mr. Hoy, who has been in the game of base ball a great many years, is justly entitled to being called a veteran. Mr. Hoy first started playing professionally for Oshkosh, sixteen years ago.

Mrs. John R. Becker's young brother is at Nicaragua surveying.

Edward Curtis, of Hoosick Falls, is said to have beaten all in the cake walk contest out there. We would like to have Mr. Curtis come down when there will be a party Saturday evening, January 25th.

C.

Mrs. Sarah H. Irwin (*nee* Miss Elting) dried recently, of pleuro-pneumonia. She leaves a husband and two children, who live in Napanock, N. Y.

Henry A. Wise, a graduate of the Hartford School in 1864, after a course of nine years, is living in Simsbury, Ct.

CHICAGO.

Mr. Dougherty Lectures February 8th.

COMMITTEE APPOINTED.

Events Past and to Come.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

At the audience room of the M E. Church, corner of Washington and Clark Streets, Saturday evening, February 8th, the Ladies' Aid Society will have the pleasure of hearing Mr. George T. Dougherty, the well known "silver-armed" orator of the deaf Following the lecture, a Japanese fan drill will be given under the direction of Mrs. Mae R. Perkins, teacher of lip-reading at Saper's School of Oratory, for the benefit of sweet Charity, 25 cents a couple, 15 cents a person. Keep yourself disengaged for the 8th of February. Will the deaf of Joliet, Rockford, Elgin, Aurora and other towns, come and help the good cause?

The Board of Directors of the Ladies' Aid Society met at the home of Mrs. James K. Watson, 3019 Vernon avenue, Monday afternoon. The following standing committees were appointed for the work for the year:

Entertainment Committee.—Mrs. Collins C. Colby, *Chairman*; Mesdames Chester C. Codman, Ethelbert Hunter, Fred M. Stephens, Charles Kessler.

Relief Committee.—Miss Grace Knight, *Chairman*; Mesdames S Norris, George Cartter, Edward Kingon, M. Raffington.

Visiting of Sick.—Mrs. George E. Morton, *Chairman*; Miss Mary Porter, Mesdames Joseph Kelhoff, Fred Fritz, Melville Cox.

Sewing.—Mrs. C. Boyle, *Chairman*; Mesdames W. D. Edwards, Wm. J. La Motte, C. T. Sullivan, George Dunn.

Devotional.—Mrs. E. N. Bowes, *Chairman*; Mesdames George T. Dougherty, Wm. McMillan, John Schorr, J. J. Kleinhans.

In the list of officers for 1902 of the Ladies Aid Society, printed in the JOURNAL lost week, the name of Mrs. Cornelius Boyle was unintentionally omitted on the part of the compositor. Mrs. Boyle is the Vice-President for Fernwood, Gano and Pullman.

The graduates of the Illinois School for the Deaf, will have a reunion in Jacksonville, at the close of the present school term. Mr. Codman is one of the Vice-Presidents of the Alumni, and he is making preparation to blow a horn—all aboard for Jacksonville.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gottschalg, of Joliet, were tendered a surprise party Thursday evening, January 9th, by the Lutheran congregation, in honor of their tenth wedding anniversary.

The children of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Krafft are ill with the measles.

Mrs. John Gottschalg, of Joliet, made a flying visit in Chicago, two Mondays ago, and enjoyed witnessing a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Ladies Aid Society, that afternoon.

The Rev. A. W. Mann, will preach at All Angels' Mission in Trinity Church, on Twenty-sixth Street near Michigan Avenue, on the first Sunday in Lent. February 16th.

A meeting of the members of All Angels' Mission is announced at the Parish house, at the same location, Saturday evening, February 15th, on a very important business Every member is kindly requested to attend.

Mrs. G. T. Dougherty's sister, Edith, is visiting here from Kewanee, Ill., whom she has not seen for two years.

Mrs. Morton Sonneborn entertained a small party at luncheon at her home Saturday evening, January 18th. The occasion was in honor of her husband's birthday.

The Ladies Aid Society will have a luncheon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Martin, 7359 Evans Avenue, on Thursday, January 30th, from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.

CHICAGO

Wilkes Barre, Pa.

Mr. William Davis, of Easton, came on the "Black Diamond Express" from Easton to this city a few weeks ago, to visit his relatives for some time. He also visited his old classmate, Lloyd Hutchinson.

Miss Minnie Clark, who is still the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Arnold, of Dorrenceton, visited Mr. and Mrs. James Byron, with Mrs. Robert Arnold.

Mrs. Harry Pethicks' sister, of Buffalo, was at Scranton, visiting his relatives for some weeks, and came to this city to visit Mr. Pethicks, two Sundays ago.

Robert Arnold, of Dorrenceton, was at his sister's home in this city. He made a business call on the writer.

Mr. Robert Garbett, of Olyphant, Pa., was at Mr. and Mrs. James Byron's, a few weeks ago. He said he was doing well at the mine at Olyphant, since the big strike in September, 1900.

Miss Van Kirk, of Reading, Pa., was in this city, a couple of Saturdays ago, to see Mr. and Mrs. James Byron.

Mr Nathan Leibsohn, a prominent merchant of this city, a cousin of Harry Leibsohn, was married to Miss Nettie Rosenthal, of this city, on January 9th. Messrs. Harry Pethicks and Miss Annie Albert attended.

Miss Agnes Reese, a daughter of Hon. D. J. Reese, of Plymouth, who was sick of small pox since December 26th, is doing nicely, and her speedy recovery is anticipated. Her sister, Josephine Reese, our deaf-mute friend, is sick with small pox. She was conveyed to the emergency hospital shortly after the complaint was diagnosed.

Mr. John Barth received a sad letter January 3d, from his cousin, Mrs. Elilie McHugh, of near WilkesBarre, who was in Portland Mills, to see her mother, Mrs. Margaretta Schonck, who was very sick, for one month and one week, with cancer in her breast. She died on New Year's day. Mr. Barth attended his aunt's funeral, at Lopez, Pa., on January 4th.

Mrs. Schonck was born in a farm near Cressyville, Pa., on March 16th, 1855. She was Mrs. Barth's mother's sister.

Jan. 17, '02. PROFESSOR.

PHILADELPHIA INSTITUTION.

OUR PRINTING DEPARTMENT.

From the Mt. Airy World.

PRINTING, it is generally conceded, both from a practical and educational standpoint, is one of the best trades for the deaf. The chance of our boys getting work after graduation are very good. We know of at least ten who have graduated during the last five years who are working at the trade.

Two of them were instructors in printing for a time in another school for the deaf.

The course pursued in our printing class practically as follows:

The small boys (they enter the class at about the age of twelve) commence by being taught the names of the articles and material in use in a printing office. They then commit to memory the location of the letters in the "case," and from that go to plain type-setting.

After they have been two or three years in the office, depending on the aptitude of the boy, they are taken step by step through the various stages of making up pages, tabular work, blank ruled work, setting advertisements, job work, etc. When they have become proficient in the above, the best readers and most alert boys are given a chance on the linotype, each of them receiving instruction in operating and how to take ordinary care of the machine. The advent of the linotype in our office, by taking care of the lion's share of the plain type-setting, has made it possible to give more attention to teaching job composition, in its various branches, a very important factor indeed to our printers.

Those who show an inclination for presswork are placed in the press-room and every possible advantage given to them to become good pressmen

The endeavor is to cause the boys to do *all the work*, under the supervision of the instructor, from start to finish. Take, for example, the Anual Report, 100-page book, 3000 copies, everything is done right in the printing office, from the setting of the type, printing the half-tone plates, and the binding of the finished product into a book, the folding and gathering being done by the girls, and the stitching and trimming of the book by the printer boys.

They are thus able to get a very practical knowledge of how a book is made. The same applies to THE MT. AIRY WORLD. *The Association Review* is also a product of the class in printing—the binding, however, is done outside.

The actual work is largely done by the older boys in the afternoon class The younger boys, in the morning class, are, of course, going through a course of instruction, so that they can take the place of the older boys as they graduate.

We demand, and, to do the boys justice, we get a class of work from them that is fully up to the standard of the average city printing office, something that is very commendable, considering that they have only three hours a day and a little over nine months in a year to gain the necessary knowledge.

During the year ending September 30, 1900, the class in printing turned out $2098.30 worth of work, the cost of material not being included in that sum, every item of which was put to practical use.

A. J. G.

Reports from Spain are to the effect that the locust plague is keenly felt throughout the south of Spain and particularly in the Province of Seville.

A DEAF-MUTE.

Men serve God best by faithful attention to their regular duties through they may seem very small and unimportant. He asks not for great accomplishments from us, but simple trustworthy fidelity.

If God is accomplishing great things through us, it is not so much on account of our ability as because of His own power to adapt to great ends even our humblest service.

I cannot talk and hear, but I can feel to praise to God with my heart and I feel like an infant not able to say much, but I know that my heart is turned to God, and that He gave His Son to wash away my sins in His blood.

"My sins have stood in my way! I wish to put them off. I believe in Jesus," and pray the good father in heaven to bless you, and I trust we will meet in the "Sweet by and by," where my tongue will be loosened that I may join in singing the praises of God.—*David Heuston, in St. Louis Christian Advocate.*

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY, JANUARY 26TH, at 3 P.M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, New York.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.
Gallaudet Home, 11 A.M., and 3 P.M.

Meeting of the Guild of Silent Workers, Tuesday, January 28th, at 8 P.M.

The Rev. A. W. Mann, will preach at St. Ann's Church, N. Y., on Sunday, February 2d, at 3 P.M.

Mr. Mann will also lecture in the Guild room of St. Ann's on Tuesday evening, February 4th, at 8 o'clock. The social already announced will follow the lecture.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Sreet.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D. D., every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Bible Class at eight o'clock, taught by Mrs. Wm. H. Rose.

Principal Enoch Henry Currier, M.A., will give "An Informal Talk," Friday evening, January 31st, at 8 o'clock. All the deaf are cordially invited to pass a pleasant hour at the church.

Rev. Mr. Van Allen's Appointments.

JANUARY.

23, 7:30 P.M.—Christ Church, Binghamton
24, 7:30 P.M.—St. John's Church, Oneida.
26, 10:30 A.M.—Trinity Church, Utica.
26, 3:00 P.M.—Zion Church, Rome.
26, 7:30 P.M.—St. Paul's, Syracuse.
27, 7:30 P.M.—Trinity Church, Watertown.

Rev. Mr. C. Orvis Dantzer's Appointments.

Hereafter services for the deaf in Buffalo, N. Y., will be held in the Sunday school room of St. Paul's Church, entrance on Pearl Street, near Church Street, as follows:

SERVICES.

First Sunday of each month, 7:30 P.M., Evening Prayer.
Second Sunday of each month, 11: 0 A.M., Holy Communion.
Third Sunday of each month, 7:30 P.M., Evening Prayer.
Fourth Sunday of each month, 1:00 A.M., Morning Prayer.

THE DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL, edited by Mr. E. A. Hodgson, printed at the Institution for the Deaf, Washington Heights, New York City, has been published for over thirty years and is a better paper now than it has ever been in the past. It renews its youth every year, and the matter it contains in each issue is always interesting to its widening circle of readers. The JOURNAL is for the right, and the good it has accomplished since it was first launched on the journalistic sea can never be estimated. Long may it live and prosper.—*The Canadian Mute.*

A Bargain Victory.

She was shopping with her husband and was looking for bargains. Here is how she got one.

"I don't want quite so much as there is in that piece," she said to the saleswoman who held up a piece of dress goods. "I require only 2½ yards."

"But that piece is 2⅝ yards, and I couldn't cut 2½ yards off," explained the young woman behind the counter.

"But I don't want so much," protested the customer.

"Well, I am sure I cannot cut it," repeated the saleswoman.

"But can't you call it a remnant?" persisted the woman who wanted the goods.

"No, it isn't a remnant, madam," calmly replied the young woman.

"Well, I shall not buy it," said the customer, determined. "I don't propose to pay for more than I want unless you make it an object."

"Well, I'll call it 2¾ yards," said the saleswoman, as the customer started to move away.

"All right; I'll take it," exclaimed the customer, without hesitation, as she glanced at her husband in a satisfied way. The man's admiration for his wife's victory was expressed in his face.—*New York Sun.*

HOOSICK FALLS, N. Y.

The heirs of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., to the Cronkhite estate in Holland which is valued at $80,000,000 have put in their claims to the estate which is now being settled in Holland.

Some five years ago an attempt was made at organization, to prove their claim, but at that time did not meet with much encouragement.

Casper, John and Jacob Cronkite, came to this country from Haas, Holland. Near the beginning of the nineteenth century, Casper, according to the heirs here, was a bachelor and an English sympathizer and a Tory. The other brothers were not. He swore that he would go back to Holland and make a fortune and execute a will cutting them off.

Casper Cronkhite established a distillery in his native land, his investment bringing him a fortune. He drew a will, which is peculiar in character. He stated that his fortune was to be held by the Government of Holland, and a rate of 3 per cent be paid.

After a hundred years the will was to be opened, proceeds, with interest to be distributed among the children, grandchildren and great grandchildren of his two brothers.

The will became operative several years ago and the Government of Holland advertised for the heirs. Jacob Cronkhite and family were of the early Dutch settlers of Hoosick, which is traced back to the year of 1775. At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, he enlisted with the Americans, and fought gallantly until he fell at the Battle of Bennington, Vt., August 16th, 1777.

Mr. Augustus Cummings, a grandson, and his daughter, Mrs. E. C. Lortie, a great-grand-daughter, are two of the twenty Cronkhite heir's who reside here.

Mr. Cummings' mother's name before marriage was Harriette M. Cronkhite, daughter of Jacob Cronkhite, whose remains are at in Maplegrove cemetery.

This is the claim that Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew, claims to be one of the heir's with others in Michigan, which has been seen in the press from time time.

The famous "Silent Five" of New York City, are booked to be here February 22d, to play a game with the 33d Separate Company, at their armory.

From what the writer hears one of the biggest crowds will exceed that of last year.

The writer urges C. A. B. of Troy, and all deaf-mutes, to come up on that date.

William S. Edwards of Adams Mass., called on friends. He was on his way home to Whitehall, N. Y. Ed Curtis made a flying visit to Troy, N. Y. a week ago. Stopping over in Conoes, to visit relatives.

E. C. L.

DIFFERENCE OF TRAINING.

The old West Pointer said to the lady who sat beside him at the recent football game between Princeton and the soldiers. "You will observe how strong are the habits inculcated by a military training."

The game was just about to begin, says the New York *Times*. A silence fell as the referee raised his hands and shouted:

"Are you ready, Princeton?"

"Yep."

"Are you ready, West Point?"

"We are ready, sir," returned the West Point captain politely.

"I told you so," said the old West Pointer, smiling grimly. "The training of which this little incident is but a faint index, begins in the days of the much pitied plebe. Last summer I went up to Peekskill camp and was wandering through a company street when an upper classman stuck his head out of a tent and inquired in a stentorian voice.

"'Who is the woodenest plebe in this company?' The next moment every plebe in the street struck his head out and responded, gravely:

"'I am, sir.'

"They don't dare to order the plebes to black their boots any more since the congressional investigation, but they accomplish the result as effectually. The upper classmen will desposit a pair of soiled boots in front of a plebe, look him over with a fierce glance and inquire:

"'Do you see those boots, sir?' and the plebe will answer:

"'Yes, sir."

"'Very well, sir," says the upper classman with great stress, and, with another threatening glare, he departs. The boots are always cleaned."—*Tacoma Ledger.*

Last year Missouri produced more manufactured tobacco than any other State in Union. Over 78,000,000 pounds passed through its factories.

NEW YORK.

Deaf-Mutes Win at Foot Ball.

AN ARTIST IN GOLD AND SILVER.

All the Happenings of the Week.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Sation M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Saturday evening, January 18th, at the American Horse Exchange, witnessed a furious gridiron battle between the Lexington A. A. (D. M. U. L) and the crack Edgecomb A. C, of Harlem, for the 120-pound championship of Manhattan, and resulted in a great victory for the Lexingtons, by 50 to 0.

The gates of the Exchange opened at 7:30 P. M., and by 8:30 the hall was nearly filled. Precisely at nine o'clock, Referee McCarthy's whistle started the programme, the first event being a preliminary game between the Medora F. C., of Staten Island, and the Oakdales, of N. Y., which the former won by the score of 25 to 15. It was nearly ten o'clock when the Lexington—Edgecombe battle began.

The ground was clear, the spectators were waiting breathlessly, when one by one the sturdy warriors of both teams filed into the arena, lined up and faced each other. The hand that grasped the other in friendship was now raised against its opponent, the face that smiled now was grim. So the two stood, when upon a nod by Timekeepers Kenner and Wilson, Referee McCarthy's whistle blew "loud and clear," the ball being in Lexington's possession.

There was a scrimmage, the pigskin moved up and down the ground for a moment only, when all of a sudden Lowenberg made a hole through the opponents, large enough for an ice wagon to pull through, and right through came Bernhardt with lightning speed, making a touchdown. Encouraged and cheered by their friends, especially the fair sex in the galleries, the Lexingtons tore right and left with the result that H. Miller and Darrell made two touchdowns each, likewise Kley and Bernhardt one each, making the score: Lexingtons 35, Edgecombes 0. There was an intermission of ten minutes when the two teams lined up again.

Though the Edgecombes had taken in new men, the sturdy Lexington "Knights of the Pigskin" were not in the least alarmed, and pressing their courage and vigor, they again tore large holes through their opponent's line. There was no waving of flags, no jubilant blowing of horns, for the Edgecombe rooters were sad. The crowd bellowed, pretty girls implored their loved ones to make a dash for victory, the captain half urged, half begged his men to save themselves from defeat, but in vain. Puffing and panting, Bernhardt rushed up the field and made a touchdown. Then came game and gallant little Kley, in his acrobatic and snake-like way, making two touchdowns. Score, Lexingtons 15, Edgecombes 0. Loud and continuous were the shouts of the deaf upon this great victory. There were about 200 of them present. Henry Miller, Bernhardt, Kley, Lowenberg and Darrell were the star players. Referee McCarthy performed his work in a most satisfactory manner, as usual.

The line-up:

LEXINGTON A. A.		EDGECOMBES
Forsyth	L. E.	Jones
Kley	L. T.	Fielding
Goldberg	L. G.	O'Connor
Balannach	Cen.	Smith
Gilbert	R. G.	Willis
Lowenherz	R. T.	Jerome
C. Muller	R. E.	O'Brien
Eisenberg	Q. B.	Andrews
Bernhardt	L. H.	Coleridge
Darrell	R. H.	Poe
H. Muller	F. B.	Johnson

Score—Lexington A. A. 50; Edgecombes, 0. Referee—James V. McCarthy. Linesmen—Messrs. Farnham and Nelson. Timekeepers—Messrs. Kenner and Wilson. Time—20-minute halves.

Mr. William Lipgens wishes to contradict the report that he secured his position with Tiffany & Co., through the medium of Jacob Alexander. His success has always been dependent upon his skill as an artist in gold and silver, and at no time has he sought or accepted aid from Mr. Alexander. The following, taken from the *Weiner Taubstummen Courier* of November 19th, 1900, is the true story of his engagement with the New World's greatest jewelry firm: "The well-known artist, Mr. Wilhelm Lipgens, and his wife have departed for Paris, from Berlin, as he obtained a lucrative position there and was kept busy filling orders from Holland, Belgium, and other places. Shortly before the close of the exposition, he had the opportunity of showing samples of skillful workmanship in chasing, engraving and enameling to the senior member of the world-renowned jewelry firm, Tiffany & Co., of New York. The Tiffany Company not only bought said samples for fancy prices, but also offered him a position in the New York establishment for the following year, Mr. Lipgens has accepted the offer. We wish him good luck."

A party was given at the residence of Miss Blanche Keitel, on Sunday last, in honor of her engagement to Mr. A. S. Marks. About fifty guests were present, and Miss Keitel received many costly presents. Among those who attended were: Misses Hirschkind, Helburn, Seebald, Stern, Carrie Keitel, Mr. and Mrs. Miller and daughter Bessie, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Driscoll, Messrs. Lowenherz, Hirsch, Gomprecht and Balamuth.

Mr. W. C. Flanagan, who has a large kennel of valuable Scotch Collies, has recently purchased an imported dog that won in the puppy class at last New York Show. This dog created a sensation at Manchester, Eng., eight weeks ago, as he is said to be the finest dog of his age on this or the other side of the Atlantic. The sire of this dog is owned by the Princess Moulegeleon.

The Silent Five Basket Ball team met with a defeat at the hands of Princeton 'Varsity team last Wednesday afternoon. Only two of the regulars played, hence the Silent Five still claims to liable to beat Princeton. Each has won one game. The Columbia 'Varsity Basket Ball team will play with the Silent Five on February 3d.

The second operation on Mr. I. N. Soper, at the New York Hospital proved a success. His lungs are now free of foreign matter, and on Saturday next he will leave the hospital. He goes to Lowell, Mass., on the nine o'clock morning train, to stay with his sister, Mrs. Norirs, until he has completely recovered, which will probably take a month.

The League of Elect Surds held a special meeting, on Thursday, January 16th, for the purpose of raising candiates to a higher degree, and admitting probationers. Of the latter three were accepted, but only one was initiated. The League has quite a big roster, handsome rooms to meet in, and quite a large sum in its treasury.

Rev. Dr. Chamberlain's lecture on Tuesday, the 21st, was attended by only four deaf-mutes. During his California trip, he met Messrs. Tilden, Grady and Livingston and Mrs. Dean, formerly Miss Clapp, of Brooklyn, N. Y. He said Berkeley School for Deaf, is one of the most beautiful in location, overlooking the Golden Gate.

Principal Currier's appearance in the lecture rooom of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Friday evening, January 31st, promises to draw a large audience. It will be his first discourse before the deaf of the city in nine years, and his old pupils and others will be glad of the opportunity to hear him and enjoy a rare treat.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet continues to improve slowly, and the doctors have confidence that the spring time will find him once more among his deaf-mute friends. Of course, he may be able to go about long before Spring, but at his advanced age it is better to make haste slowly, so that recovery will be complete.

The many friends of Mrs. C. M. Nelson, of Poughkeepsie, will regret to learn that she is seriously sick, at the home of her daughter in Orange, N. J. She is president of the board of lady managers of the Gallaudet Home, and has done much for that noble institution.

Two of the happiest deaf-mutes in the city these days are Miss Fannie Lovitch and Louis Hatowsky. They desire their friends to know that they are engaged to be married, and that the ceremony will be performed during this year.

Mr. Jacob Scharlin's father has bought a new summer hotel in Sullivan County. It is situated on a high hill, at an elevation of 1,802 feet, on the Phineas Stoddard farm, lying in Ulster and Sullivan Counties.

Attention is called to the change of date for the mask ball, to be held in Brooklyn. See the advertisement on the fourth page of this issue, and remember that the event will be brought of on Saturday, April 5th.

The Deaf-Mute Athletic Club has chartered a fine steamer, for an excursion during the coming summer. "Teddy" Rose is at the helm.

Mrs. W. E. Guss and Miss Eliza-Heiligh were in town Sunday, calling on friends, and Miss Heiligh had a good sight of the big city as far as 70th Street.

Jesse H. Kenyon, of Baldwinsville, N. Y., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Dunlap, of Brooklyn, during the new year. He went to the Union League Ball.

A "Grab Party" was given by Mr. and Mrs. C. Bothner to several of her deaf friends, on Friday last, at their residence.

Irwin Oppenheimer, who has been in Europe during the past year, returned to his home in New York last week.

Miss M. Wyman was at St. Ann's Church, recently. She returned from Cleveland, O., three weeks ago.

Leo Greis is back in Brooklyn, after several months spent in Virginia in a business deal.

The engagement of Lizzie Weidmann to John H. Goor is announced.

Proctor's Attractions, Week of January 20-25.

Theatregoers of Newark are given further opportunity to enjoy the best features in vaudeville at Proctor's in the bill arranged for the fourth week of the season. Glancing at the list of entertainers one is readily convinced that all managerial promises are being redeemed as some of the very best acts in vaudeville are mentioned. The bargain matiaees are still crowded and ladies and children are greatly in the majority. This is as it should be and is especially gratifying to Manager Proctor, as he makes a special effort to attract and entertain the women and little folks. At the daily matinee 25 cents admits to any seat in the orchestra or balcony, and at night the orchestra is reserved at 75 cents. The gallery is 10 cents at all times, the balcony is 35 cents at night and the general admission is 50 cents. These prices are certainly reasonable and when one considers the high character of the entertainments and the great expense attached to the conduct of a high class vaudeville show, Newark theatregoers find weekly bargains at Proctor's. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Milton Royle will be the topping features of next week's bill, presenting their clever little comedy, "Capt. Impudence." The English Pony Ballet, comprising a dozen pretty girls, will be an important factor and a decided novelty. The completed bill will otherwise engage Charley Case in witty monologue, Hall and Staley in a omedy act; Kitamura's Japs, a troupe of clever jugglers and necromancers; Lawrence and Harrington, in a character sketch; Arnim and Wagner, vocal duetists; Loney Haskell, in character monolgue, and the Kalatechnoscope's moving photographs of events of current interest.

The Fifth Avenue will have Hoyt's "A Temperance Town" as the dramatic feature of its offering for next week. Edna Archer-Crawford and New Howard-Fowler will head the branch of the Proctor Stock Co. which will present the clever play. "Miss or Mrs." will be the comedy curtain raiser and the vaudeville which will be introduced between acts and before and after the play will keep the entertainment continuous. The Five Nosses will offer a novel musical specialty as the feature in the vaudeville department. Their artistic playing of a wide diversity of instruments has been favorably received at the other Proctor theatres. Thomas Ryan and Mary Richfield, in their Irish comedy sketch, "Mag Haggarty's Father," will be the dramatic part of the vandeville offering. Capt. Webb's Trained Seals will provided a distinct touch of novelty and the wonderful antics performed by these uncommon vaudeville "actors" are sure to provoke astonishment. James H. Cullen and Billy Link will offer comedy monologues, Wright and Doody will give a character sketch and the Drummer's Quartet will be heard in a singing act.

Another strong comedy bill is provided for presentation at the Fifty-eighth Street in "Innocent as a Lamb," a comedy in which the late Roland Reed created one of his biggest successes. A specially selected branch of the Proctor Stock Company will give the play, and will also interpret Clay M. Greene's clever travesty, "Surelock Holmes." The vaudeville will be of the very best, headed by the beautiful Sisters Hawthorne, Nellie and Lola, in "The Lily of Laguna," a little operetta written for them by Leslie Stuart, the author of "Florodora." Shean and Warren will give a clever travesty sketch as the comedy head-line in the vaudeville department and Gus William will present his German monolgue as one of the between act features. Little Pich, the clever European grotesque, will give his clever specialty as another leading feature of an extra strong vaudeville offering.

Continuous vaudeville remains the order of the day at the Twenty-third Street Theatre and some of the biggest bills ever known in New York vaudeville are presented weekly at this popular resort. For the next week Mme. Herrman, widow of Herrman the Great, will be the feature, presenting her dainty specialty, "A Night in Japan." Special scenery, gorgeous costumes and elaborate electrical effects are prominent factors in an exceedingly clever and entertaining act. The dramatic feature will be furnished by Milton and Dolly Nobles, who will present, "Why Walker Reformed." Press Eldredge will be one of the comedy leaders in black-face monologue and A. O. Duncan's ventriloquial specialty will be a feature. Completing the bill Rauschelle, in impersonations of famous men; Fred Leslie's troupe of trained dogs, Daly and Devere, in a new character sketch; Eva Loring, in songs; Charles Cogell, in comedy monologue; Fred Steuber, banjoist; Pieree and Rosslyn, in duets, will offer entertaining specialties. The Cycle-Whirl originally introduced to New York at this theatre, will be retained for another week with a new force of trick riders and a new programme of sprint, distant and relay races.

"The Mysterious Mr. Bugle" goes up to Harlem, after a big week at the Fifth Avenue and should serve to draw monster crowds to the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. Mabel Montgomery and William Corthell are leading members of the Proctor Stock Company, which presents it, and their assistants give lively aid in a clever presentation. The Ten-Ichi Troupe, Japanese necromancers, are the vaudeville features and they will then be seen for the first time in Harlem. Seven clever magicians are numbered in the groups, and their work is astonishing in its cleverness. George Evans, the "Honey Boy," will be the leader in the comedy portion of the vaudeville and his clever black-face specialty is sure to be a favorite number. Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry will give a rural character sketch under the title of "Mrs. Wilkins' Boy," and Mabel Maitland will be heard in songs af the South, and impersonations of the real Southern negro.

To Be Healthy and Wealthy.

Don't worry. "Seek peace and pursue it." Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long."

Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease." Work like a man, but don't be worked to death.

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

Don't hurry. "Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is nature's benediction.

Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's anger may be fatal.

Association with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease.

Don't overeat. Don't starve. "Let your moderation be known to all men."

Court the fresh air day and night. "O if you knew what was in the air!"

PHILADELPHIA.

Dr. E. M. Gallaudet Lectures

TO A BIG ASSEMBLAGE.

Hit by a Trolley Car.

News Items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The chief attraction of the past week here was the lecture of Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, President of Gallaudet College, Washington D. C., before the Clerc Literary Association, on Thursday evening, 16th of January. Fortunately, the weather was of an agreeable sort, which made it possible for more ladies to attend the lecture than would otherwise have been the case. The attendance thus came up to one hundred and fifty or over. When Dr. Gallaudet, escorted by Mr G. T. Sanders, arrived, he passed directly through the hall to the room back of the platform, known as the Rector's study, and, when he emerged again, a noisy demonstration was made in his honor, which compelled him to bow in acknowledgment.

President Durian made a great effort in introducing the Doctor, and the latter felt that he was flattered too much, still thankful for the kindness shown him. The Doctor further expressed his pleasure at meeting his Philadelphia friends again, and added that he felt sure that he was in "the house of friends." Then he explained that his subject, "Political Economy," was suggested to him by the Literary Committee, which desired his views upon questions of a political nature. To treat all the heads suggested to him fully would take from Thursday evening until the following Thursday evening, and therefore he could only refer to each in a general way.

The lecture was, however, well worth seeing, the more so because given by one who has given the subject much study; besides, as many deaf knew, Dr. Gallaudet is an authority on International Law. His style of delivery, too, was admirable, which is always the case when the Doctor lectures; but to those who have seen little of him it was even more pleasing. At the conclusion, another (the third) demonstration was made.

Mr. R. M. Ziegler moved a vote of thanks to Dr. Gallaudet for his lecture, which was heartily given.

Afterwards all present were given an opportunity to meet the Doctor. Mr. F. W. Booth was there, as were all the Philadelphia college boys with one or two exceptions. Dr. Cronter, who was attending a banquet in the city on the same evening, sent his regrets.

Dr. Gallaudet remained in the city over night, for the purpose of visiting his son at Cramp's Shipyard in the morning. We understand his son has an important position there.

Sunday, 19th, being set apart as Missionary Sunday by the Convention, Rev. J. M. Koehler preached on Missions at All Souls'.

Afterwards, at the meeting of the Bible Classes, Mrs. G. T. Sanders recited a very interesting Indian missionary story. The attendance at both Church and the Bible Classes was good.

Mr. Jay Cooke Howard, of Minnesota, was the guest of Mr. S. G. Davidson over Sunday.

The annual confirmation service at All Souls' will be held on March 9th. On account of the illness of Bishop Whitaker, it is expected that Bishop Adams, of Easton, Md., will officiate.

Charles F. Palmer was seriously hurt a little over a week ago, at 19th and Montgomery Avenue, close to his home, by being run down by a trolley car. By the accident, he had two ribs broken and his left cheek and eye injured, also his left hand. Notwithstanding his condition, he is said to have rode directly to the Company's office and lodged a complaint, and afterwards had his injuries treated. We hardly think Mr. Palmer acted wisely in his haste to inform the company of his injuries. Would it not have been better to have gone to the doctor first and then to his lawyer and let him act for him. Perhaps, later, Mr. Palmer will be surprised to find that the company's attorney has taken advantage of his mistake in some way.

The many friends of the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet are pleased to hear of his convalescence, and, in their name, we congratulate him upon it.

Frank W. Zell, of Manayunk, called out attention to the excellent record which Harry Bulger is making as a basket-ball player. The local paper reports him as a leader, and he seems much in demand. He has just been signed to play for a team which he helped defeat by a big score recently.

Mrs. Sarah J. Bayne writes us from Elmhurst, Long Island, that the rumor of her marriage is incorrect. She is at present living with her daughter at the above place.

The Cahill Club, of which Mr. F. L. Feighan is a member, will give a banquet to the Rev. F Fisher, the new irremovable rector of St John the Evangelist (R. C) Church. 'Father Fisher was a professor at the Roman Catholic High School before his recent promotion, and the above mentioned club is composed of graduates of the school:

We wish to say to our friends who send us notes, that sometimes we *happen* to be unable to get them in our letter. They are not omitted purposely, so we beg them to have patience with us. The reporter has troubles which many do not understand. Last week one of our friends sent us particulars of a game of basket ball to be played on January 18th, between the Silent Five and the team of St. Bridget's Young Men's Literary Institute. It happened that in hastening through the letter for the last mail, we overlooked the note which we were patticularly asked to insert and meant to do. It is needless to say that we were sorry to have disappointed our friend thus. The same above mentioned came off all the same last Saturday evening, and resulted in defeat for the deaf team: score, 48-29.

On January 24th, at Keystone Hall, 3d and Girard Avenue, the Silent Five will play with Penn Treaty. The game will start at 8:30 P.M.

Ex-Magistrate Benton Severn's daughter, Mary, was married last Wednesday evening. She is a cousin of Mrs. Washington Houston.

Courtlandt B. Stillwell has secured a good job in a carriage and wagon factory in Norristown.

The Baltimore correspondent who inquired for R. E. Underwood, is informed that the gentleman has *not* required the services of an undertaker.

Thomas Breen is sitting on the fence again waiting for a Hamlet—shoe-manufacturer to beckon him. He is an edge-cutter and a verl fast workman. Fellow workmen had been complaining that Tom worked so fast that they could not make good wages by the work left for them, so the firm had to let him off or expect trouble. This may seem strange but Mr. Breen let us read his letter of discharge, so we can vouch for it.

Society of the Cincinnati.

After the close of the Revolution in 1783, the officers of the American army established an order to preserve and perpetuate their friendships, and to found a fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of those who fell during the war. Many of the American patriots had quit their plowing and other labors at critical periods to fight the common enemy. In casting about for a name for their organization it was recalled that the Roman consul, Lucius Quintius Cincinnatus was found plowing on his farm when notified that he had been made dictator, and that he had immediately left his plowing, to obey the call of duty in defense of his country. It was, therefore, resolved to name their order in his honor: The Society of the Cincinnati.

Gen. Washington was the first President of the Society. It was a great distinction to belong to such an order, and the patriots were no doubt proud of the part they took in helping to establish the Independence of their country. The Constitution of the Society did not please Benjamin Franklin, for his philosophy taught him to fear its growth into a future aristocracy. The Constitution was amended and made more consonant with a democratic republic. Robert Burnet, of New York, the last of the original members of the Society, died in 1854. In some of the States the order went out of existence with the deaths of those who took part in the War of the Revolution. In New York and other States the society has been perpetuated by the descendants of the veterans of the war, and it still flourishes contemporaneously with: The Sons, The Daughters, and The Dames of the American Revolution.

The Tammany Society was originally organized in 1789, in opposition to the Cincinnati, which was then considered an order of aristocrats. It took its name from a celebrated Indian chief of the Delawares, and was modelled closely after Indian customs. In time Tammany became the powerful political machine it is, mostly local to New York City.

The Jam Club.—A Society of Female Surds at Fanwood, near the end of the nineteenth century. Their object appears to have been friendship, gossip and a sweet tooth for sugar cake, marmalade and jam. The club was disbanded by graduation of its members.

THE OTHER SMITH.

Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Ostrander, of Bloomington, N. Y., had pleasant visits from Charles D. Edmonston, in July, and Miss Rachel Davis, of Eddyville, during October.

OHIO.

The Quarantine is Somewhat Relaxed.

NO PUPIL DANGEROUSLY SICK.

News Items.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

With Monday morning began the quarantine of the teachers of the Institution, and most of them came over with grip or satchels well filled for the short or long siege that may be in store for them. There is no telling now how long they will be kept prisoners against their will. Taking all things into consideration the city Board of Health has needlessly put those connected with the Institution to great inconvenience, and all because the public has clamored for it. It seeks only its own welfare, to be sure, and makes scapegoats of those least deserving it. The real facts in the case are: There have been about 38 cases of scarlet rash of a mild form within the past two weeks. Previous to that there had been a case or two of real scarlet fever, but they have recovered. Those confined with the rash have it only slightly, in fact most of them are up all the time in the room where the patients are. All these sick pupils are kept in a room away from the others, and hence neither teachers, officers nor employes, except those tending them come in contact with the cases, and hence there is no danger of the germs being carried out.

The quarantine is not kept strictly. Several of the teachers are allowed to come in and go, as if there were no quarantine, on condition that they do not ride on the street cars nor attend public gatherings. It is the same with some of the officers and employes.

There have been no new cases added since last Friday. That looks encouragingly for the quarantine to be raised within five weeks, but if in the meantime more should break out, it would mean at least of a stay of six weeks more.

We believe this is the first time in the history of the Institution, that it has been quarantined. In 1863, we think, it was that smallpox broke out among one or two pupils, but they were quickly placed in a building which occupied the place where the paint shop now is. In the seventies, there was some kind of an epidemic of a contagious character, and those affected were placed in the attic rooms of the present main building. In both instances there was no quarantine. Then as now, school went right on. Those of the teachers and employes forced to stay within the institution grounds have stood the imprisonment pretty well. A good deal of promenading is done around the grounds for exercise of mornings, noon and evenings, and there are quite a number of conferences of teachers with their outside friends between the bars.

To allay the fears of friends of pupils, Superintendent Jones has sent out the following bulletin this week.

TO PARENTS.

We sincerely hope that you will not be alarmed over the quarantine. You may depend upon it that if you do not hear from me that your child is well. You may also depend upon me to put a good nurse over your child, should it become sick. You may also know that when you get my letter, I have made the case as bad as it is and that nothing is concealed. Absolute frankness with parents and friends has been, and will continue to be, faithfully observed.

There are now thirty-eight cases of scarlet fever in the Institution. It is so mild, however, that it is what the public knows as scarlet rash. Several children have not even gone to bed with it. Only one has been seriously sick, and she had just recovered from pneumonia when she was taken with the rash. She is now almost well again.

Our school work is going on as usual, and no one here is alarmed.

Trusting you will accept this as a personal letter, and that you will not be disturbed; I am

Very respectfully,
J. W. JONES, *Supt.*

Governor Nash was inaugurated for his second term Monday, but none connected with the Institution were able to witness the inaugural ceremonies and parade, something that has not been before this long time.

Several deaf people were in town on the occasion, and when they came to the Institution to visit they were barred out and could only enjoy conversation with several people through the bars. Messrs Hedges and Holmes were among those in town.

Mr. Milton Gibson, of Kimbolton, came over to the city Thursday to visit the Institution and then accompany his wife, *nee* Caroline Derrick, who has been in Columbus some weeks, home. He was disappointed at not being able to look through the new School building. Says he will come over in the spring or summer when there is no quarantine. He is a carpenter by occupation, and reports plenty of work now.

Mrs. C. W. Charles left Wednesday for her home in Flint, Mich., to be present at the wedding of a sister. She will prolong her stay for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Rion Hoel left Wednesday for her home in Warren County. She had been visiting her mother and sister in this city for the past two weeks.

There are musical chimes now in the family of Mrs. Charles Daniels. They began Wednesday with the arrival of an 8-pound boy.

Miss Grace Munger, who graduated from the Institution last June and whose home is in Ottawa County, came down Monday and on Wednesday began working in the State bindery.

Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Sprague will hereafter be found at 948 E. Main Street.

The Mid-term Examinations began yesterday and will end on Tuesday.

A. B. G.

IN MEMORIAM.

Extract from Minute of the meeting of the Board of Directors, of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, held January 8th, 1902.

The Committee entrusted with the preparation of a Minute upon the death of the late Avery T. Brown respectfully report:

In May, 1861, nearly forty-one years ago, Avery Titus Brown was elected to the Directorate of this Institution. Though then the most youthful of his colleagues, he at once became prominent in their counsels, through his instant and active interest in all that concerned deaf-mute instruction. Not content with perfunctory attendance at Board Meetings, he proceeded at once to form acquaintance with pupils and teachers and to familiarize himself with the working detail of the Institution. Throughout his long term of service, his one aim was to advance the welfare of deaf-mutes and to perfect the machinery by which that welfare is sought to be accomplished. Few weeks of those forty years passed without his personal visitation and inspection of the schools, the workshops, the dormitories and the kitchen. To his continued observation and intelligent comment and suggestion must be attributed, in a large measure, the high degree of efficiency to which our Institution has attained.

His regularity and punctuality in attendance on our meetings was another of his characteristics. In this respect, he was an example to all. Constant to the end, he appeared at our regular meeting of the 13th of November last, though his condition of health evidently forbade his attendance, and his duty there accomplished, returned to his home to die the following day.

In his death, deaf-mutes have lost a devoted friend, and we, his fellow directors, a most zealous and earnest co-worker.

To perpetuate our appreciation of his long and useful service to the cause of deaf-mute education, we recommend that this Minute be spread upon the records of the Board and that a copy thereof be sent by the Secretary to the relatives of Mr. Brown.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

A party and entertainment were given at the handsome residence of Miss Bertha Goodspeed in Arlington, R. I., in honor of J. E. Taplin, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Dancing, conversation and parlor games were indulged in until supper was served at twelve o'clock. The guests, after having spent a most delightful evening, departed at one o'clock A.M. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. John F. Lorimer, Mr. and Mrs. Morlock, Messrs. Wm. O'Brien, J. Lyons, F. Chase and Samuel McCarthy, of Providence; Miss Butler and Miss Wallace, of Central Falls, R. I.; J. E. Taplin, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Blanchard, of Pawtucket, R. I.; Mr. Clarence Allen and Miss Stanton, of Providence, R. I.; Mr. and Mrs. Goodspeed and their daughters, Bertha, Retta and Alla, of Arlington, R. I., and Mr. Frank Wood, of Pawtucket, R. I. A flashlight photograph of those present was taken by Mr. Morlock.

Mr. J. E. Taplin spent three days with Mr. and Mrs. John F. Lorimer at their residence in this town, when he visited Brown University. He thinks Providence is a nice city. From there, he took the trolley to Boston, passing through several small towns. Finding the ride delightful on account of the beautiful scenery. He spent a few days in Boston, where he visited his cousin, also some deaf friends. While there, he went through Harvard University. He thinks Boston is a rather hard city to get around in. He returned to Providence, and from there took boat for New York. His week was a most enjoyable one.

Mr. Asa W. Allen is steady at work in his cobbler shop.

Misses Bertha Goodspeed and Wallace are still working at the Jenkins Paper Box Co.

Mr. Hiram Brown arrived here from New York, where he called to see Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Lorimer, and spent a few hours in pleasant conversation with them, and next morning he went to Worcester, Mass., to see his brother.

Samuel McCarthy often visits his lady friends at their homes, and they chat and play games, and have fine times.

Mr. H. F. Probst, of Bridgeport, Conn., was here last month, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Lorimer.

Mr. P. Sullivan, of New Bedford, Mass., was in town to attend the Bible Class.

James Carruthers, a deaf-mute student at the Falkirk Science and Art School, has been awarded a King's Scholarship by the Science and Art Department, South Kensington.—*The British Deaf Monthly.*

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St

FANWOOD.

An Evening of Magic and Juggling.

THE 7th GRADE ENTERTAINS.

Brevities.

(From the Regular Correspondent.)

Thursday evening, January 16th last, the pupils and teachers were very much surprised to be called to assemble in the chapel at half past seven o'clock. Going in they saw on the platform, a lot of paraphernalia such as the magicians only have. Then they knew what they were called for. They were to be entertained that evening by a magician.

Principal Currier was on the platform. He introduced the magician to us as Mr Pray. Mr. E. P. Clarke was called upon to act as interpreter. Mr. Pray then made a short address, in which he said he was a magician employed in giving amusement to people in schools, colleges and private houses. He never went on the stage. His first visit here was more than thirty years ago, and since that time he has been here six or seven times. He has traveled all over the United States and given entertainments in all the schools for the deaf, in some for the blind, a great many colleges, and in private houses No admission fee is ever charged, as he usually negotiates with the head of the schools, except when he is called to give entertainments for churches He hoped his tricks would amuse us, and prove that his hands were quicker than our eyes.

He then proceeded to do his tricks which were too numerous to be all told in this column. He procured a lot of eggs from a silk handkerchief, made coins and handkerchiefs changed places without touching them His tricks took a good part of the time, and amused all those present. He next devoted himself to juggling, in which he did very well, though there were frequent mistakes. He jugg'ed with two, three and four large and small balls, holding the audience in supense, while he did the same with four daggers. He also treated four balls in the same way, and to those who can partially hear, it was excellent music He performed other difficult things with cones and cylinders, and spinning bowls on a stick, balancing them all on his nose Among the things he exhibited was an old fashioned wash-bowl, which he secured from an aged couple in Maine. It was over a hundred years old, and he had refused an offer of twenty-five dollars for it. The said bowl was the center and object of admiration of a group of the female teachers, after the performance.

At the conclusion of his entertainment, Mr Pray thanked all for the attention they paid him, and hoped he had succeeded in giving them an enjoyable evening. His efforts were to amuse the children, and not only did he do it, but amused the older pupils and teachers as well

The members of the Seventh Grade entertained the Fanwood Literary Association last Saturday evening, with some readings and a debate. Below is the programme:—

I. READING:—"The Angry Lady," by Miss F. Bohart.

II. DEBATE:—*Resolved*, "That a bridge would be more preferable to unite New York and New Jersey than a tunnel"

III. READING:—"Two Lost Dogs," by Mr. Reicke.

IV. READING:—"The Carpenter and the Ape," by D. Pape.

V. READING:—By C. Siegel.

The debate was pretty well contested, the Affirmative being supported by Messrs. Greenberg, Schwartz and Solomon, and the Negative by Messrs. Friedman, Eldredge and Cohen. The judges were Misses Hoffman and Tanzas, and Capt. Stern, whose decision was as follows:—S Friedman 6 points, Eldridge 5, Cohen 14, Greenberg 14, Schwartz 10, and Solmon 8. The Affirmative gets 32 points and the Negative 25. President Fox closed the meeting after giving the news of the week. Next Saturday the regular monthly social reunion, under the auspices of the Association, will be held.

Skating on the lakes in New York City has been fine for the past week, but there are not any near enough for the pupils to go on week days. Saturday was the only day the pupils could go, and all those who had skates were not to be found at the Institution that afternoon. They found the ice rather wet, but in fair condition. Most of them went to Van Cortlandt Park.

Sunday was Visiting Day. The weather was fair and a very large number of relatives and friends came to see the pupils. The next visiting day will be on April 20th.

Color Sergeant A. Berg spent Saturday afternoon at Hurtig and Seamon's Music Hall.

Many congratulations were given to Mrs. Currier on the 21st, it being the anniversary of her birth.

Monday afternoon Captain Renner, Sergeant E. Berg, Corporal Birck and Cadet Barry, in company of Major Van Tassell, went over to the rooms of the New York Finance Company in the Empire Building on Rector Street and Broadway, where Mr. Hutchinson gave an exhibition test of his new Akoulalion and Akouphone, before a company of bankers.

Cadets Dempsey, Westlake and P. Berg, went over to the Aquarium at Battery Park last Saturday afternoon.

W. R.

ST. LOUIS.

A MASQUERADE BALL

will be given by

The St. Louis Gallaudet Union

at

De HONEY'S HALL

3944 Oliver Street.

Friday evening, Jan. 28, 1902

Between the hours of 8 and 12

Tickets, Twenty-five Cents.

for sale by

THE COMMITTEE

Miss P. W. Herdman, 2606 Virginia Ave;
Miss E. L. Steidemann, 4110 N. 11th Street.
Miss A. M. Roper, 1627 Knapp Street.

If convenient purchase your tickets and those for your friends at the Shakespearean Reading, Friday evening, January 24th.

FOR A JOLLY GOOD TIME

GO TO THE

Grand Masque and Civic Ball

OF THE

Deaf-Mutes' Athletic Club

AT

WASHINGTON HALL,

829 to 833 Broadway, near Park Ave., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

ON

Saturday Evening, April 5, 1902.

Music by the YATES ORCHESTRA.

TICKETS, - - 25 Cents Each.

PRIZES: For the most handsome, and most comical costumes.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

Vincent de P. Keely, *Chairman*, 110 South First St, Brooklyn.
Herman Beck. Robert H. McVea,
Henry Prinsinzing, Joshua Levy.

TO REACH HALL: Take Roosevelt St., Grand St., Twenty-third St., or Forty-second St., ferry to Broadway, Brooklyn; then take Broadway surface cars or Elevated Railroad train at foot of Broadway, to Park Ave. There is an elevated station at Park Ave.

From Bridge take Flushing Ave., Myrtle Ave., or Park Ave., surface cars to Broadway—a few minutes walk to hall. Elevated Railroad at Bridge, take Bath Beach, or Bay Ridge trains to Bridge St., station, change for an East New York loop train, ride to Gates Ave. station on Broadway, then change again to Broadway Ferry train (green light) from same station, going in opposite direction; get off at Park Ave. station.

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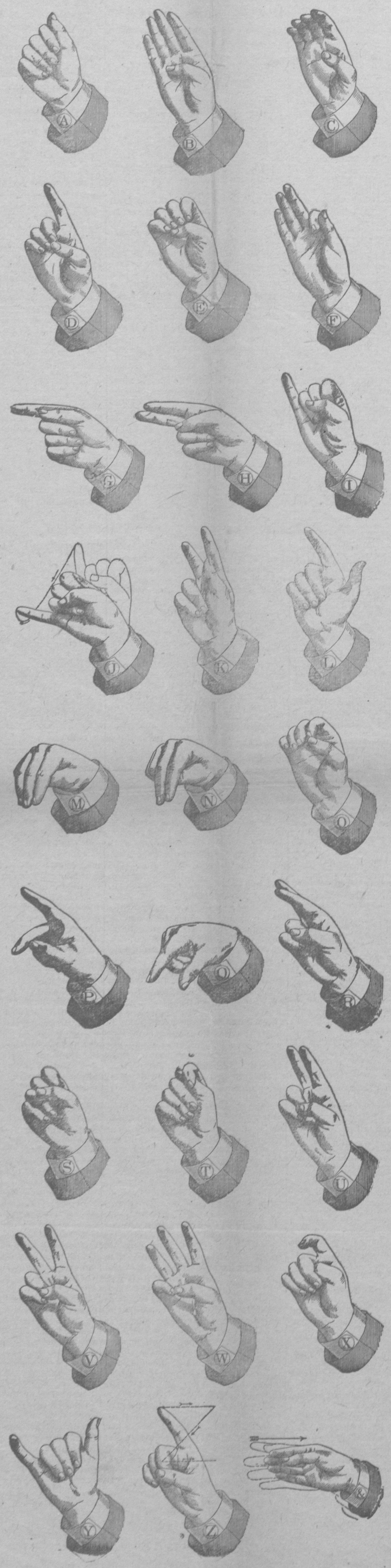
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